

You Don't Know

Missy Elliott

Now see, the one thing I like about the niggas
Is that they can fess up to one of they boys
That they been sleepin' wit' the same chick, and laugh about it
But see, a woman, could never admit to another woman
That she been sleepin' wit' her man
Cuz if that ever happened to me
I would call your house and be like, yo

Don't you gotta man
Why you fuckin' wit' mine
See, I been through bad times
Get yo' mind off mines
You must be lonely
Why you messin' wit' me
But it won't be easy
To get my baby

- You don't know who you messin' with
Most of them leave with they car doors bent
I'm so pissed, you gon' make me flip
I'mma teach you not to touch my shit

Hello?
Hello?
Who dis?
It's Mo'
For Real?
Hello?

I be callin' his house, when you're not around
Don't make me warn you, you know how I get down, down
Somebody told me, but I ain't trippin' off you, no
If you were doing your thang, he'd still be wit' you

Hello?
You know who this is bitch, heh, yeah
Yo, who dis for real, man, hello?
You know who it is

- I can't believe you would ever do that
Can't you show me some respect
Is it cuz you jus' a reject
Gotta keep your ass in check

Hello?
Hello?
What
Yo who dis for real, man
Yo, this is Mo', this is Mo'
You playin' a little bit too much, you knowumsayin'?
Yo, this ain't no game
This is not a game
Oh, ok
Yeah, what?
You on some real bullshit now
You know, you know what?
Why don't you just come to my house, bitch, you know?

Yeah, I come through, yo, where you live at?
Ask your nigga where I stay at
Please, he ain't got nutin' to do with this
He know
He ain't got nutin' to do with this
He know
Ask him where I live at, aight?
You on that same stuff you was on last year
When I hadda come through there last year, what
And I'd do it again, cuz I want, I, I got comin'
You ain't keepin nutin' in check

And keep him from around my house, bitch
Please, I'mma beat that ass, you know I will

You don't know who you messin' with
Most of them leave with their car doors bent
Blow out you like I'mma air vent
I'ma teach you not to touch my shit

Hello?
Trick, you know who this is, dont' front
Yeah, I'mma teach you not to touch my shit

(Timbaland)
You done took it too far (Uh oh)
I'mma hop in my car and I'mma you up bitch
You done took it too far (Uh oh)
I'mma hop in my car and I'mma you up bitch
You done took it too far (Uh oh)
I'mma hop in my car and I'mma you up bitch
You done took it too far (Uh oh)

Cuz I'm that chick yo, that same chick
But I ain't wit' playin' that game shit
Start callin' that name shit
And I'ma get on that same shit
That new shit, that call your crew shit
That what you wanna do shit
That boy is yours, keep that nigga
Beat my ass? Prove it

You been suckin' his dick
Tastin' my clit
Just a side chick, on the side bitch
I'm the prize bitch, keep it silent
Don't make me violent
You be dialin' 911 to tell the family

Around yo' crew, you's a bad bitch
Yo ass be talkin' mad ish
Toe to toe shoot the five
Girl you get yo ass kicked
What you think I'm gaming?
Shit is real, I aint playin'
(No more "Have My Baby")
Yo, I got yo' moms prayin'

It's gonna get risky
Fuck wit' Missy
I'mma shoot you where your ribs be
So you can feel me
Ain't it real B?

And you filthy and you mildy
Not appealin', drum roll

Uh oh, heh heh heh
You done done it now
Uh oh, you done done it now
She's mad, what
She's mad,
I'mma let them two girls fight
While I'm out